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It is well for the nurse not to make too great a splurge at the start about "training the baby." In the first place, she may not succeed, and then her discomfiture will be great. Not all babies are amenable to training. Methods which succeed with one may fail with another. In the second place, the word "training" suggests to many people hours of crying on the part of the baby and of callous indifference on the part of the nurse. If the training can be carried on so easily and naturally that no one knows it is being done, the mother is spared any uneasy moments.

The more one has to do with babies, the more she comes to learn their ways and to interpret their desires. It is an art which cannot be wholly communicated to another, but to one who loves them there is a great pleasure in learning to interpret their signals of distress and to bring content out of trouble. It is a satisfaction, too, when one returns to a family to welcome a second baby, to find the first one with regular habits, going happily to sleep by itself, and free from the fretfulness which comes from overwrought nerves.

(To be continued.)

COÖPERATIVE LIVING FOR THE PROFESSIONAL NURSE

BY MARY T. ECKERT
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For years this question of how to get the most and the best at the least possible cost has been a problem that a few nurses only have solved to any degree of satisfaction. From time immemorial it has been the natural inclination of man to make for himself some abiding-place where he can find refuge and shelter from without and pleasure and comfort from within. And that dwelling-place, whether it be made of turf, wood, or stone, we call home. What the word "home" signifies none know better than the professional nurse in private work.

While in the hospital, if her mind and heart are in her work, its interests are hers to the extent that she becomes an integral part of it. Swiftly enough, the weeks and the months roll by, till finally there comes that day in which the summons comes to "go up" and receive her reward in the well-earned sheepskin and black band.

The majority of nurses after they are dubbed graduates separate themselves from their school. A great many, and perhaps most, nurses have very little ready money at their disposal when they leave the hospital, and the question of how to get the most and the best at the smallest possible cost becomes a very weighty one.

The great majority of nurses go in twos, and the first thing of importance that presents itself is the need of a dwelling-place, so they go forth with an inward feeling of fear and trembling, up one street, down another, in their search for some place to hang their hats and for the time being call home. After considerable wandering about and interviewing of various would-be landladies, they finally spy in one of the bay-windows of one of the long rows of brick houses a card with these words, "Square Room to Let." In they go, climb up two or three flights of stairs, as the case may be, and at the rear of the house is the "square room." Square it is—square walls. Its northern boundary is a folding bed and a square wall; its southern boundary square wall and mantel; bounded on the east by a square wall and closet door, and the west by square wall and door of egress—four square walls covered with a bewildering flower and of a color peculiar to cheap paper. The horror of those four square walls is with me yet. I never see the card, "Rooms to Let," but I feel as if I had seen a ghost. We paid four dollars a week for the privilege of looking at those four square walls and the "wrong side" of a fifth wall.

It is a narrow, unhealthy way to live, unhealthful for mind and body alike. Among the unpleasant things of living in one room is that of meals. You have no regular dining-tables; you get your meals wherever you happen to be—sometimes in a restaurant, sometimes in a boarding-house, and some nurses become "paper-bag lodgers." To live, eat, sleep, and drink in one room is just about as bad a state of affairs as can be, and yet there are a great many nurses that do just that, many of them because they are forced to it and can't help themselves.

To keep up the "strenuous" life of a nurse—and a strenuous life it certainly is—they need when they are off duty a nice, comfortable home to go to, a place that will give the advantages and comforts of a home-like way of living to as great an extent as possible; in other words, the most and the best that can be had at the smallest possible cost. The secret in a nutshell is coöperation. Now, as never before, coöperation is the order of the day. There are a great many that will say, "Well, I don't want to get in with a crowd of nurses." Very good, it is not at all necessary; the city is large and there are hundreds of houses in it. But I am inclined to think that many of us start out with a wrong idea when we wish to be alone, comparatively speaking. It is well for us—for most of us, at least—to live with others. It teaches us, if anything will, consideration and toleration for each other; then too the advantages socially and mentally of living with others are something, for it is only by coming in close contact with others that we learn to know ourselves.

I am not sure that I approve of a large number of nurses living together in the same house. I am inclined to think that coöperation in small bands of nurses is far more desirable. I have in mind a half-dozen nurses who think and feel they have hit on the best way for the majority of nurses to live. The fact that they have practised their method for five years, and that vacancies occur only through causes such as sickness, marriage, etc., is to my mind proof that it is a good way. Five years ago as a venture they took a suite of six rooms and a bath. They had all their goods and chattels moved in and are living there still. Among them all they had various pieces of furniture, but not enough to furnish the suite entire. Some household things, such as dining-table, chairs, dishes, cooking utensils, napkins, towels, curtains, etc., had to be purchased. The things were gotten, and each one of the six paid a sixth of the whole, so that it was not a heavy bill for anyone. The suite had to be leased in the name of one person, but on the coöperative plan, everything being equal, each one of the six is as responsible for the rent of the suite when the first of the month comes around as the other.

They have a "strong box" in which the household money, receipts, bills, etc., are kept. It is an understood thing that each nurse before the first of every month comes around sees to it that her sixth of the whole is in the "strong box;" then the nurse who happens to be most conveniently at hand makes up the rent and receives the receipt. When any extra cleaning or washing of windows and curtains is done the bill is paid by whoever is in and the whole divided by six, each one of the six paying her share.

The home atmosphere in the suite is such that everyone coming in notices it and exclaims, "How lovely!" "What good times you must have!" "If I were here, I shouldn't ever want to go on a case." "Can't you make room for me and let me come and live with you?" and so on.

They have a reception-room, a sewing-room, a den, a bedroom with a real bed in it, a dining-room, and a kitchen in which some delicious dishes are concocted. All these rooms open off one hall, at the end of which is the bath-room, nice and warm all the time and with plenty of hot water.

No one of the six has any particular room, but all have the same rights and privileges in every room. Furniture, pictures, and all such are placed where they look the best and give the most pleasure. When two or three are in they have splendid times keeping house. When it has been decided what they will have for meals, one goes out and does the buying, another gets the meal, while the third acts as her assistant, and so on, each one in turn. At night what each one has spent for the

household is added up and divided by the number of persons concerned. Everything being done in combination, each one's share seems light, and the pleasure and relaxation from doing a little home-like housework is a recreation.

They have a gas-stove, and every one of the six can get a meal fit for a king. Being amateurs, they sometimes make mistakes, as, for example, one day they were having broiled chicken. The cook and her assistant took great pains to have everything very elaborate, but, they forgot to singe the chicken. I leave you to imagine their amazement and chagrin when the party of four sat down to the table to find every hair standing out on that chicken as if it had been charged with electricity. An invitation to a tea, lunch, or Dutch dinner at this suite is hailed with delight by the recipient.

In the harvest season they revel in a barrel from their country friends filled with apples, potatoes, squash, and a pumpkin or two, and that reminds me of their pies. Such delicious pumpkin pie I haven't eaten since my childhood—made on the coöperative plan too. You think nothing of eating a third of it at one sitting and wish you had more.

Then with the Christmas boxes from home filled with jellies, fruit-cake, and canned fruits you literally live on the fat of the land, not to mention the deliciously fresh eggs that often find their way from the country to the suite.

I hope that what I have written will induce other nurses to follow the example of my friends. A few congenial souls banded together make living pleasanter, stronger, and cheaper. And if, as sometimes happens, you are forced to play Mr. Micawber, you will find it much pleasanter all around to play the part in six rooms than in one.

THE TRAINING-SCHOOL OF TO-DAY

By CLARA B. CAHOON

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NOWHERE are the sins and shortcomings of the individual worker so visited upon all members of a profession as among trained nurses. Truly the public is often most unjust in censuring the whole body of graduates for the mistakes of an individual member. Oh, that they were as ready to credit all with the virtues of each. We can best counteract this prejudice by insuring the highest standard for each member.